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VOL. 5. NO. 129.

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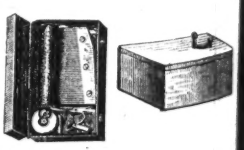

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A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY LE GENTILHOMME BLASE.

CHAPTER VII.

UNION SENTIMENT DEVELOPING.

If some modern BURTON would supply the world with an Anatomy of Patriotism, *mon ami*, I am inclined to believe that his first discovery in the process of dissection would be, that the modern quality of that name is essentially lacking in the anatomical composite of back-bone. Ordinary patriotism in practice, as far as I have been able to observe it, is equivalent, in general aspects and result, to an irresistable force in contact with an immovable body, those who are chiefly carried away with it metaphorically being the last to yield to its impulsion personally. In short, the quality appears to be a sentiment rather than a motive in its character, and moves us to inspire others rather oftener than it inspires us to move ourselves.

Mr. VICTOR E. ORDETH was a patriot in the conventional sense of the term, and when the Southern heart was first fired he took a very large ember to his own bosom. None could be more ready to repudiate all their northern debts than was Mr. ORDETH to repudiate his, and his deadly hatred of the Abolitionist was only equaled by that of a New England man owning a colored drayman, and living next door to him. "We will raise a million of soldiers if need be," said this chivalrous Virginian at a public meeting in Richmond, "and sacrifice our last crust." After which he went comfortably home and growled very much at the dampness of his slippers and the barely preceptible chill in his buttered toast. Great admiration was evoked on all sides by this spirited conduct, and when he finally donated one hundred dollars of his creditors' money to the Volunteer fund, there was some talk of making him a brigadier; but it happened to leak out that he knew something of military business from early study, and, of course, that project had to be given up. A brigadier with military capability would be an anomaly indeed!

And so, this self-sacrificing gentleman meekly wore his honors in private life, his patriotism deepening and intensifying until it attained the pitch of verbal perfection demonstrated in the first chapter of this veracious narrative. Suddenly, however, this patriotism suffered what its possessor's pocket did not—a "sea change;" the Confiscation Act passed by the Congress of the United States induced Mr. ORDETH to consider seriously what might possibly happen to a certain little property of his near Danville, in the event of certain Union achievements; and the news of MCCLELLAN'S advance to within five miles of Richmond, did not tend to increase the patriotic fervor of this chivalric Virginian.

It was on the second morning after the summary incarceration of Mr. BOB PETERS, that Mr. ORDETH peremptorily called for his newspaper, and, having elevated his feet upon the window sill, proceeded to read the more humorous articles of the journal in question, which were chiefly devoted to the discussion of divers excellent plans for invading the North in one column, and burning Richmond in the next. The only other person in the apartment at the time was Mrs. ORDETH, who turned very pale when her lord took up his paper, and watched him as he read, with considerable agitation. She was evidently expecting an explosion, and it came.

Having perused with mitigated satisfaction a leader on the sublime nobility of soul evidenced by the people who destroyed their city at the approach of the enemy, Mr. ORDETH turned to the Local Department of the reduced sheet before him, and was electrified at the discovery therein of a full and accurate account of the arrest of "one ROBERT PETERS, supposed to be a Yankee spy, who is said to have found refuge for some time past in the house of a well-known citizen, and who was seized at the instigation of a devoted Daughter of the South, who, by a pardonable device, lured him from his hiding place for the purpose. But for the disordered state of things just now, the citizen said to have harbored this fellow would be called to account for his equivocal concern in the matter."

The paper dropped from the hands of Mr. ORDETH, and he stared at his wife in utter bewilderment.

"Don't be angry with us, VICTOR!" exclaimed that lady, tremblingly; for she had seen the paper and anticipated what was coming. "LIBBY hid poor BOB away because she didn't want to see one of our own relations taken and hung, and when she told me of it I didn't dare tell you."

"And do you mean to tell me that it was in *my* house he was secreted?" asked the Virginian, tragically.

"Yes, my dear, up-stairs, you know."

This unexampled revelation might have produced a scene, had not the door been opened at the moment by JOCKO, who unceremoniously entered with a folded paper in his hand.

"Dis wus brung for you, Mars'r, by de angel ob de— I mean by de gemman wid gold on he shoulder."

The master hastily snatched the paper from the dutiful black, waved him magisterially from the presence, and found himself ordered to report on the following morning for military duty at the headquarters of the military commandant, Richmond. A new draft was ordered!

Passing the paper to his wife, without a word of comment, Mr. ORDETH commenced to pace the room with long and rapid strides. Finally, he stopped short before his lady's chair:—

"I am beginning to think," said he, coolly, "that the Union is best for the South, after all."

"Yes, my dear."

"And we must be off for Danville this very afternoon."

"Oh!"

A pause, and then—

"I was hasty about BOB. My friend, GENERAL EVANS, has just come in from Leesburg. I must explain this matter to him and get BOB discharged; for BOB may be of great service to us, my dear, when the Yankees take possession."

Mrs. ORDETH understood her husband well enough to appreciate this remarkable change in his sentiments, and refrained from exhibiting any astonishment at this speech. She only answered:

"You know best, VICTOR."

The head of the house received this judicious reply in full payment of all demands on his wife's attention, and immediately went forth to put his designs into execution—as fine a specimen of the Southern Union man as ever welcomed the advent of the loyal army with enthusiasm, and immediately presented a bill for damages sustained in the cause of Freedom!

CHAPTER VIII.

HO! FOR DANVILLE.

Seated upon the lounge where *he* so often had rested, with her elbows resting upon the table on which *his* arms had so frequently reposed, sat the afflicted LIBBY. She had heard her paternal leave the house an hour before, and she had just heard the sound of his boots in the hall below as he returned; but she felt no desire to learn the reason thereof. Like her mother, she had seen the account of Mr. PETERS's arrest in the morning paper, and her bewilderment at the statement respecting the device used to entrap that persecuted youth by a Daughter of the South, was only equalled by her grief at the unfortunate present predicament of her lover. So absorbed was she in her sorrows that she heard not the opening of the parlor door below her, nor the sound of footsteps on the stairs;—

"Miss ORDETH!"

Was it a dream? The beautiful mourner turned quickly in the direction of the sound, and beheld the bodily presentment of Mr. BOB PETERS, who stood near the door with his shocking-bad hat between his hands and an expression of stern reproach upon his countenance.

"Bob!—you here?" exclaimed the maiden, starting from her seat with a little shriek.

"Mr. PETERS, if you please, Madame," said the late captive, with much dignity. "Owing to a great spread of Union sentiment in the bosom of your paternal relative, and his consequent representation in my behalf, I *am* here, to blast you with the sight of the innocence you have betrayed! I slipped up here to confront you, Madame," observed Mr. PETERS, with some ease of manner, "while the old ones were packing the silver-plated spoons preparatory to a combined movement on the peaceful hamlet of Danville."

"What do you mean, you ridiculous thing?" asked LIBBY, scarcely believing her own ears.

"That we must part," returned Mr. PETERS, calmly straightening an angle in the rim of his hat. "You named an hour for my nocturnal escape—quarter-past Twelve. I fled the Residence at that unseemly hour, though another maiden had previously invited me to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I went, and walked straight into the arms of the unsleeping Southern Confederacy, who was inebriated at the time, and conducted me to the penal pork-packing establishment. Enough! we part. I go to Danville with you, but only as an ordinary acquaintance of chilling reserve."

"Why BOB, what can you mean?" ejaculated LIBBY, to whom this remarkable speech was not particularly lucid; "It was not my fault that you were taken. If you had gone at quarter-past

THERMOMETER—90 IN THE SHADE.

Fragile Youth.—"HA! MINT JULEP!—QUICK! QUICK!—I DIE?"
Fiendish Bar-Keeper.—"HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT, SIR—HOT?" (!!)

On the right Track.

The *Mobile News*, of the 10th inst., announced that "the Confederates do not intend to be whipped at Corinth, either by arms or stratagem." It was for that reason we presume, that they ran away. And no doubt they took the direction of that classical locality where good intentions are said to be used for pavement.

A Voice from the First Ditch.

Nautical men are proverbially slow of comprehension. It is only just now that they are beginning to acknowledge the utility of Plates, whereas military leaders have depended much upon their Trenchers from time out of mind.

Retail Rascality.

We notice that poor JOHN BOTTLES, of Amity street, has been arrested for vending the vinous, *sans* license. Under the present arrangements, anybody can sell the seductive fluid by the gallon, while a sale by Bottles is flat felony.

Twelve, as I told you to, all would have been well. Oh, BOB, when JOCKO told me next morning that he had waited for you a whole hour in the hall in vain, and when Ma and I found that you had really gone at the wrong time, I sat right down and cried my eyes out."

"The wrong time!" exclaimed Mr. PETERS, striding suddenly towards the mirror. "Impossible! Observe this repeater of mine, which is a reliable time-piece. On the night in question, this repeater was plainly before me, hanging on this gas bracket, upon this looking-glass." Here Mr. PETERS illustrated his assertion by suspending his watch from the bracket, under which it spun feebly for a moment; "at the very instant of my waking from a temporary slumber, I caught sight of this same repeater in the glass, and—why!—what's this?'

In a moment every vestige of resentment had faded from the features of Mr. BOB PETERS, and he stood staring at the reflection of his repeater in the mirror with the look of a man in the last stage of wonder.

LIBBY, timidly drew near and placed a hand on his arm;

"What's the matter, dear?"

"What time is it now by the repeater?' asked Mr. PETERS excitedly, but without moving his eyes.

"Why, it's ten minutes past Ten," replied LIBBY, glancing at the face of the watch as it appeared in the glass, and wondering what would come next.

"Look again!!" thundered Mr. PETERS.

"Why," said LIBBY, half-frightened, "it's ten minutes past Ten."

Mr. BOB PETERS deliberately took down his watch and pointed convulsively at its face with one finger. The time indicated was ten minutes *of* Ten!

Mr. PETERS' first act was to clasp the maiden to his bosom and kiss her unceremoniously. Then, releasing her, he took two steps in a popular break-down and burst into a stentorian peal of laughter.

"I shall have to call Pa," said poor LIBBY.

"Not a bit of it!" shouted BOB, ceasing his Terpsichoreanism for a moment; "Don't you see the joke? It's all in the looking-glass, my pet. When I thought It was a quarter past Twelve and fled the residence, it was really a quarter *of* Twelve—don't you see? The looking-glass *reversed the hands on the watch!*"

And so it was, *mon ami*. Hold your own time-piece with its face to a mirror and you will pardon my hero his mistake, as LIBBY ORDETH then and there did. The youthful pair remained in that room, entering into explanations and talking easily together, for some time, and at last went down stairs, arm-in-arm, most lovingly, to the parlor.

That afternoon, the whole party started for DANVILLE, intending to remain there until GEN. MCCLELLAN'S occupation of Richmond should enable BOB PETERS to make such representations to that General in behalf of his prospective father-in-law's Unionism, as would secure said excellent patriot in the possession of his rightful property.

What more need be said? My story is told, and if the reader it but half as glad as myself to be through with it, that reader is a singularly happy individual.

JONATHAN'S GENERAL VIEW.

W'enever smart Perfesser Lowe
Is up as high as he can go,
I top him so, without his gas,
He couldn,t find me with a glass.

W'en *he's* above his little view—
Put to it, some, to see it, teöo—
I see the Country, clear an' bright
An' furrin shores aint aöut o' sight.

W'en the sun comes up says I,—
"Jon'than, look for Victory!
Deö you see the light increase?
Kin yeöu see the Sun o' Peace?"

There's göur armies great an' strong,
Movin' giner'ly right along—
Like streams that wash the dams away,
Detarmined on't to reach the bay.

An' dirty folks—not all of 'em *male*,
Refuse to wash, but stand an' rail.
It's all the same to the wotter, though,
It's way is plain; it's baöund to go.

An' w'en the sun goes daö.vn I say,
"Jon'than, naöw look t'other way:
W'ich d'ye think 's the smartest one,
That, or the great *Secession* sun?"

The Rebel sun don't seem to shine
As usooal: but it's mighty fine:
Fust it burnt *green*: then *red* ye know;
An' naöw it's as bleue as indigo.

Haöw *big* the ginywine sun looks, naöw,
A-settin' on that maöuntains braöw!
Square in its face, see Rebels run
That dunno w'y they hold a gun!

Right hungry, teöo, they seem to be:
A pooty techin' sight to see!
The poor fools can't see w'ere they go,
This Burnin' Cotton blinds 'em so.

An' here's a circle o' the braves
What's turned this w'ite trash into slaves:
They're hatchin' up some fust-class sin,
To fire the Southern heart ag'in.

Weak, sick, an' starvin' folks crawl raöund,
Some with no lodgin' but the graöund:
Most folks set readin' a book, all black,
With "RUIN" printed on the back.

An' lots o' faces, thin an w'ite,
Look, 'crost the waters, on the sight:
But naöw the Cotton-smoke hides the sun,
An' chokes them sufferers, one by one.

THE BABY BAZAAR.

HARDLY HAD the baying of deep-mouthed blood-hounds ceased to astonish the snakes at BARNUM'S, when those sluggish reptiles were aroused into an unwonted condition of wakefulness by the mewling of the innumerable small specimens of humanity contributed to the Great Speculator's Baby Show. Additional bars had been affixed to the cage containing Sampson, the Grizzly Bear, and all the water except about a pint drained off the tank of the White Whale, to prevent that cetaceous monster from leaping out of the water and finning up stairs to lunch on baby. Commodore NUTT had a 200lb. round shot attached to his left leg with a chain cable, in order that the natural ferocity of his disposition with regard to small folks might be kept in check; and, in addition to these precautions, several stout policemen were stationed about the halls to restrain the Baby, who is Father of the Man, from pummelling that individual into chowder, should he be rash enough to make his appearance at the Show.

The Man *did* make his appearance at the Show—and a pretty appearance he made of it. Paterfamilias does not shine in the nursery, within the sacred precincts of which he shuffles with a subdued air, amenable to the objurgations of the dry nurse, and a target for the vituperations of the wet. He has no more property in his own baby than a Plymouth Church pew-holder has in the pulpit from which his pastor percusses the scintillations of his teeming wit. Every female domestic in the family of Paterfamilias is down upon him from the moment Baby makes his appearance in this ravine of woe. Should Paterfamilias take refuge in the kitchen, Cookey avails herself of the circumstance, and attaches a saturated dish-cloth to the lower extremity of his vertebral column. Should he seek repose upon the hall floor, pillowing his weary head upon the lowermost step of the staircase, Housemaid makes his prostrate form a receptacle for sweeping sarcasms, convincing him practically of dust to dust. There is no corner of the house, from cellar to garret, in which he can assert any amount of dignity larger than that accorded to the infamous Croton bug. Once Baby assumes possession of the house, there is but one thing left for Paterfamilias to do, taking to drink excepted. He can put on a cage-skirt instead of pantaloons, and, attiring himself in the washerwoman style of bonnet and shawl, may thus go through life quite happily as an old woman, getting an occasional pinch at Baby, until the next baby comes, when he must, of course, begin the pleasing routine again. Thus, allowing a succession of, say twelve babies in fifteen years, Paterfamilias must, from long practice, become a very respectable old woman at last, which is a very good thing to be and can generally get employment at from twelve to fifteen shillings a week with tea.

Owing to the above observations upon real life, as imparted to us in a husky manner by Paterfamilias himself, we borrowed our corner-grocer's wife's third-best wardrobe, accoutred in which we swept gracefully down Broadway, and rounded to at BARNUM'S.

The very first thing that struck us on entering the building was the fine feeling for contrast displayed by the Great Showman, who had so arranged that the One Pound Baby was to be exhibited in the same hall with the Elephant.

Having inspected with avidity the One Pound Baby, which was handed round in a pint pewter mug—a pound is equivalent to a pint, you know—we felt that our cage-skirt was coming down, and were glad that we had taken the precaution to wear trousers along with it, in view of the worst.

Making a halt in front of the spot recently adorned by FRANK BUTLER'S most lovely bull-dog, we perceived that it was now improved by the presence of a comely mother with twins. As we tickled one of the latter with our brawny fore-finger, we observed the comely mother scrutinizing us in a suspicious manner, which caused us to move on with more haste than poetry of motion.

A group of triplets next caught our eye, and at the very same moment, by a singular coincidence, the cage-skirt caught our foot, which brought it down in a flat collapse to the floor. Gathering the shawl closely around us, however, we still managed to maintain an appearance of decent composure, carrying ourselves with a certain feminine *aplomb*, acquired during much association with the Lovely One, who will laugh cruelly, we'll bet a V, when she reads these lines.

The very Fat Baby did not interest us at all.

Nor the the Baby with the Roman Nose.

We were less excited, still, about the Flat-Headed Baby, than we were about either the Fat Baby or the Baby with the Roman Nose.

There was a family group composed of a Red Baby, a White Baby, and a Blue Baby, which, as a piece of coloring, was perfect, but the legs were all out of drawing. Red, white and blue, besides, may be all very well in their way, but what are mothers about that at this crisis, of all others, none of them have presented babies embodying the sentiment of the Stars and Stripes?—we repeat, what?

In our report of the Dog Show we complained, and with justice, that the Pugs were not represented at all; but nobody who looked observantly upon the faces of nine in every ten of the articles contributed to the Baby Show, could say that there existed a similar deficiency *there*. Not only in the little noses of the little things was Pug predominant, but Pug projected, also, in the Pugilistic manner in which they brandished their little mauleys about, and knocked vacant space into an airy nothing. Pugnacity like this, indeed, brings reams of evidence to favor the endorsers of that very rational assumption docketted as Original Sin.

While we were engaged in chirruping up the Baby with the Tooth, Mr. BARNUM announced to the assembly that great efforts had been made by Mr. HORACE GREELEY to contribute a colored baby adopted by him, called "Immediate Abolition," to the Show. As Mr. BARNUM justly remarked, however, his Museum is a Moral Exhibition, and he could not for a moment think of admitting into it a production more than suspected of being illegitimate. There was a very interesting Bright Mulatto Baby, named "Gradual Abolition," expected on from Washington, however, and Mr. BARNUM'S opinion is that it will draw very well. Mr. BARNUM then placed his hands majestically beneath his coat tails, amid the most enthusiastic applause.

Just at this juncture a severe affliction prevented us from completing our notes. From over-exertion of the maxillary muscles in chirruping to the Baby born with the Caul, our bonnet-strings burst, discovering our manly beard to the outraged Mothers of the Articles exhibited. Seeing that any further attempt at concealment would have been useless, we flung off our shawl, mixed in our shirt-sleeves with the crowd, and, observing that the little Lightning Calculator was not, for the moment, at his post, rapidly conceived the idea of personating that character, and commenced jotting down a large sum, with chalk, upon the black board. As we are six feet high, however, and very bad at arithmetic as well as big, that deception could not last long. We were accosted by a very gentlemanly person in blue, with a plated hatchment upon his breast, who informed us that he would club our head unless we accepted his verbal invitation to accompany him to a place which he called the "Station," which we did cheerfully, and were immediately bound over to observe the peace toward all animated nature for ten years, and never to go to a Baby Show again.

The Cup of Bitterness.

"JEFF DAVIS and his family are reduced to drinking sassafras tea, for want of the Chinese article."—*Daily Papers.*

At each morning and evening repast of JEFF DAVIS
Some decoction of weeds borne in by a slave is,
While in classical chorus the household cry *Oh!*
Jam satis of that, give us back our Bohea!

Cry on, rebel crew great and small, till you sicken:
Te Duce, JEFF DAVIS, your sorrows will thicken,
And "*Oh jam satis*" ere long will come louder
From you, when you've tasted our prime old Gunpowder!

Baby Loney.

MAURICE SAND has lately published in Paris a book about his American experiences, in which he characterizes New York as the "Babylon of America."

We understand that the large Prize Baby of BARNUM'S SHOW has instructed his bottle-holder to ascertain whether the Sandy remark is intended to reflect upon him—the large P. B., with a view to an adjustment of the difficulty in the P. R.

Geographical Parallel.

An advertisement in an English journal informs us that "the best Railroad Companion is NOYES'S." Here, it is certainly the most universal, but we spell it "Noise."

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

As one of the Special Correspondents of VANITY FAIR with General MCCLELLAN'S Army was sitting on a stump before Richmond, the other day, he unexpectedly saw

A TRIBUNE CORRESPONDENT,

who was most diligently engaged in taking notes of a sprightly dialogue. The conversation in question was sustained by the Correspondent above depicted, and

AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

Its details may throw some light on the general style of enigmatical information that is contained in the *Tribune*, and may satisfy the world at large concerning the excessively credulous and simple-minded character of the majority of *Tribune* readers.

At all events, as Our Special Correspondent took down the dialogue and sent it us, it is really worth while to give it the benefit of a circulation among decent people.

"You b'long to de Army, Mars'r?" asked the intelligent Contraband, uneasily.

"Yes. That is....I am....yes; I am with the Army, Sir," replied the *Tribune* Correspondent; "and I would like, Sir, to ask you a few questions. Where is BEAUREGARD, at Corinth, or at Richmond?"

INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIBUNE CORRESPONDENT.—"Where, at Richmond?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"And how many men has he?"

INT. CON.—"Niggers, Mars'r?"

TRIB. COR.—"No....Soldiers!"

INT. CON.—"'Bout Sixty Hundred T'ousand, I spec's."

TRIB. COR.—"What! Are you sure? Aren't you mistaken?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"Well, when did he arrive here?"

INT. CON.—"O, two tree four munfs ago."

TRIB. COR.—"You mean weeks, don't you?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"Do you think the Rebels will evacuate Richmond?"

INT. CON.—"O, yis, Mars'r; dey'll fite like de debbil!"

TRIB. COR.—"You don't understand me, Sir. I mean, will they run away."

INT CON.—"Yis, Mars'r; dey ollers runs away."

TRIB. COR.—"But if MCCLELLAN had attacked the city three weeks ago, he could have killed them all, couldn't he?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r; he killed 'em all, I spec's. I got under a fence, an' he didn't saw me."

FAMILIAR MEMORIES,

At this point of the chat, the mind of the Intelligent Contraband seemed illuminated by the vague splendor of some

for he screwed his not very expressive visage into a grin, and added:

"Now, Mars'r, couldn't yer gib dis nigger a drop o' rye? I 'orful dry, torkin', Mars'r."

The *Tribune* Correspondent expressed an opinion that alcohol was a poison, and that nothing could be more terrible than the

EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

To which, the Intelligent Contraband replied:

"Now, Mars'r; dat's jes' wat I want;" probably referring more to Rye than to Rats.

"Whose slave were you?" asked the Correspondent, after a pause.

INT. CON.—"Mars'r DAVIS's."

TRIB. COR.—"What, JEFF. DAVIS?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"And he treated you with great brutality, no doubt."

INT. CON.—"Yis Mars'r, treat me fus' rate."

TRIB. COR.—"But you want your freedom, don't you?"

INT. CON.—"O, Yis Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"How would you like to go North?"

INT. CON.—"Putty cold Norf, ain't it?"

TRIB. COR.—"O no. Ever been North?"

INT. CON.—"Yis Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"To what place?"

INT. CON.—"To Florider Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"Florida!"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r. De ole gemman lib dar."

TRIB. COR.—"What, your master?"

INT. CON.—"Yis, Mars'r."

TRIB. COR.—"Why, did JEFF. DAVIS ever live in Florida?"

INT. CON.—"O, yis, Mars'r; he lib dar some forty fifty year, I spec's."

The evidently untrustworthy nature of the replies of this Man and Brother began to strike the Correspondent at about this juncture, and he shut up his note-book and retired. The Man and Brother gazed after

HIS RETREATING FORM,

with interest, and murmured gently:

"Dat's a mitey sassy feller Spec's he's a fool!" with which he skedaddled, leaving Our Special in much doubt whether the *Tribune* Correspondent was not after all, worse sold than the Intelligent Contraband would be if he endeavored to find perfect freedom by

FOLLOWING THE NORTH STAR.

TOO MUCH ELEPHANT.

Louis Napoleon.—"VILL ANY GENTLEMAN LIKE TO BUY MY ELEPHANT? HE IS ONE VERY FINE MEXICAN ELEPHANT, AND I VILL SELL HIM VERY SHEAP!"

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

No. II.

Offis Wiggletonian, June 4th, 1862.

VANITY FAIR :

Don' you remember we tolled you jullike's not our paper wud hev to fall thro, and it Done so to day, just before we were struck off. Isn't that a most remarkable coinsidens? The Sheriff took our types and one han' press for det, but he done it so keind, so polite, so sympathizin', that we Dono but what if he wuz a goin' to hang us, and had a sed "The rup is reddy, where's your neck Tucker?" but we should have choked easy. Aint much perliteness in community to speak of. Some drives by, an' kivers you with dust, sum sneezes onto you, sum treds onto your toes, an so on. Wery few on 'em got much feelin' excep' Sheriffs, jailers and sich like. We hev bin unfortunit considdibul number of times, an' they ollers treated us like a gennelman. This one seize us so hansome, we thank him for our hull family. God bless him, say we.

Now we come to another pint. Our frens scrouge reound an say all to Onct: "Mr. Tucker!—oh! oh! oh!—we're sorry. Who'd a thot it? Wait till the war 's over, an' the taxes is paid, an' trade rewives, *we'll start you agin;* we'll sport yer, jis neow we're so dreffal *poor, poor, poor, poor, poor*"—here the richest on 'em jammed his hands upt 'is elbows in 's breeches pockets, an sink his hed way down tween his shoulders till you couldn't see nuffin but 's ball crown, an he shiver an shake an look cold jist 's ef he wuz in the middle of last winter.

We put down our pen, we tuk our hat off our Hed, we smile and say in effek: "Feller citizens, when the War sover, an' your taxes is ped, and the back rud is mended, an you've settled with Mr. Jenks for breakin his leg in the bridge, and you want an Organ, you may git sumbody to Do it, jis 's quix you kin; You wunt find your ole fren PERLEY C. TUCKER in these diggins." Then we left.

Neow, my dear fren, it doos seem to us it's a wery bad principal to go onto that we *wunt do nuffin till the war 's over!*

Onct we knowed a man not *that* man that we've heered tell of—tad a quarl with 's nabor about cramberry patch and a stun wall, an' they fit, an fit an fit, and he sed t'is wife "taint no uset o' fixen up here till we hev settle with that feller."

"Zat so?" sed she, "then you're no man. What! aint you goin' to fat the pig, to milk the keow, to feed the chickings, and to plant your garding? I mean to do four times 's much 's ever I done in the hull course of my life. Neow we've begun to fight, we might's well see what there is to fight, an do it all up, man, an then we'll hev peas."

That struck him. Right stret away off he pulled off his cut, he rulled up 's sleeves, he fixed up 's fences, he got the weeds out of 's fields, he got his wife a new bonnet, he drest up his children, he put two cuts of paint Onto 's house, he went to church, an' so on. What wuz the codensequens? When 's nabor see that the more he quarld the more It done good, he left off.

We onct hed a horse. He hed ony one eye, no tale, an a star onto his forred. Whenever he cum to a 'ill, he took the bit into 's meouth and runned up Onto the full Gallop. Whenever he cum to a sand bank you would have thot that he was Onto a race course. Reason why?—Good pluck, good principall.

Onct there wuz a farmer went to see a managerry church full of beasts. He tied his ass at the door of the tent an went in. A gret squall of wind cum up, blowed off sum carnvas, so that the long eared critter see the Elephant. He was so scared that *he guv one Bray, and fell down ded in the harness!* Reason why? Because he was a ass.

IT DOOS SEEM TO US my dear fren, ther's gret many people warnts to get rid off ornary matters when there's any big sponsibility in the way, and when there's any gret battel which their fellow critturs fight for 'em, they keind o settle in their own meinds that they *wunt do nuffin till the war is over:* Neow if we hed a acted on that motto whenever we failed up—and we've done that 's oftings the rest of our nabors, an gone to blubber like a whail soon 's we see the cut-tale of a Sheriff, we sud not be now here in Our Editorial cheer, 's pleasant 's a sun Beam, flingin' these thots broad cast Onto the wings of the Press, and of VANITY FAIR. We carnt be fruz eout by the cold, drizzled out by the rain, dried up by the dreouth, wilted out by the sun, starved eout by our frens, skeered eout by the Elephant, because like our Ole horse we've got a star onto our forred. Onct when we wuz a drownin' we save ourself without any rup, and got the hansomest bunch of water lilies we Ever Clap Eyes Onto.

Onct when we were sittin in our Offis, wery low spirits case our scribers wouldn't pay up, a Swarrum of Bees cum and settled onto a Beam Over our Hed. We unstood it. We cheered up, we almost cried we wuz so glad. All that methusalem quadnity of little critturs begun to work and make honey right before our eyes. They buzzed into our ears—"Good luck! good luck! good luck! PERLEY C. TUCKER! Areouse! areouse! 'S more sweets here than stings!"

"Thankee, my little missionaries from every flower in the wally," we sed, cryin right eout, "Swarm onto the hed of TUCKER, ef you please. He is a sinful crittur, and you will find a beam in 's eye."

Wunt do nuffin until the war is over! Now we warn tell you nanecdote. The fax are abeout two weeks old, jist abeout the age of our youngest son. Our brave fellers who are fightin for the kentry *look arter the small things*, they do, and they fight too like heroes. Our ships wuz down to battle with the forts at Norleans. One on 'em hed a little pig on bord whom they loved and they petted him wery much. Wery well, when the axion wuz comin' on, they put him into the hold whar he wouldn't git no harm. It cum to pass when the battle was a ragin, an the shells a bustin, an the balls a flyin, one of the wessels pass by the Richmond, and the Capting stannin' on the deck sing out with a keind o' humerous smile onto his face,—"HOW'S YOUR LITTLE PIG?" Then he order the men to give three cheers for the wessel, and one *for the little pig*, and they done so. We dono whether he wuz a Guinea pig, or whether he warnt, but when they got eout to sea he wuz certingly wuth five hundred guineas to the men because he keep up the domestic feelinks. Now it doos seem to us there's a moriall. Them brave fellers had enough to do to defend the Stars and Stripes, and they didn't spare their own lives, but arter all they dint hev their hands so full and no such tuff job to get thro'—and it wuz a most tremenduous battel—but what—the more honor to them say we—they could take good keer of the *little pig!*

My dear fren, this war is the most dreffal in the hull history of the wurruld, and yet wery improperly as we think if we are any Judge of words (and we think we be) they call it a *civil* war. It is a stigmy on civwillization. That's not the pint. As many legions as there is in the field, there'll be more legions of excuses, more folks that wont guv a beggar a penny, more that will let wallable Organs like Ourn fall thru, more that wont do nuffin or help a feller along bekase they say that they'll wait till the war is over. A Lass! a lass!—We could actooally cry over sich men mor'n over sich times. The taxes is hevy, but *they* taxes our feelings, our good natur, and our comming sense.

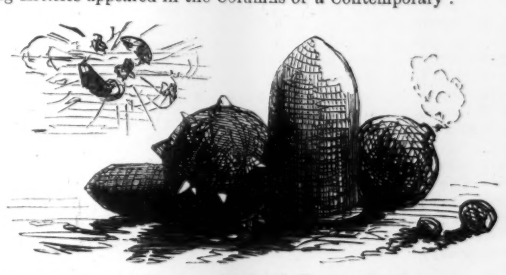
That poor woman we wuz tellin' of jes' now, is worth a dozen lecturs. It is filosophy in pettycoats. It is filanthrophy with long hair. It is *wigour*. We doo hope that when the kentry is safe and the constitushon is windicated, there will be better men than we hev hed, for we tell you one thing and that aint too, that ef the polyticians aint more honest and peopel in Generall don't behave better nor what they hev done, Providence will inwolve all things in confusion, an' then I guess we'll see how long we hev to wait before the war is Over. Hev we sed too much? We got one thing more. Let's fight all reound neow we've got our hand in. There's rebels enuff without goin' 's far as the eend of your nose. Don' make no excuses about doin' your common duties, becase your feller citizens are fightin for you, and see that you gin the right keind of answer ef any body should ax you in these dreffal times—*How's your little pig? How's your little pig?*

I am your affecshunate friend an' brother in the printin' business.

PERLEY C. TUCKER

A Hard Old Quotation.

At about the time of the battle of Shiloh, the following Damaging Articles appeared in the Columns of a Contemporary:



N. B.—The Contemporary's name is BEAUREGARD.

A Subject that is nothing if not well Handled.

A Pump.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Judge.—"So You want to be admitted to the bar, sonny; what are your qualifications, pray?"

Boy.—"Bin blackin' butes for the judges nigh two years!"

The Home Guard's Complaint.

AT THE LATE DEMAND FOR TROOPS IN THE STATE OF——

'Tis the voice of the Home-Guard, I hear him complain,
"You command me to go, when I hoped to remain.
My buttons are bright, and my uniform is gay,
And I only desired at soldier's to play."

"If to fight horrid rebels my regiment goes,
We shall spoil our complexions and ruin our clothes;
And then think, the young ladies, oh! what will they do,
When there's no nice parade, and no lovely review?"

"Then reflect, and your barbarous order revoke:
Consider our corps in the light of a joke.
For if we had wanted to fight, Sir, you know,
We'd have entered some fighting corps, long, long ago!"

Jomini.

The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking of the rebel army, says that "up to this time it has regularly retired in compliance with the principles of Jomini." If this be so, Jomini's prejudice in favor of skedaddling must be very strong indeed. But the *Examiner* is doubtless right, considering how much they talk and how little they do, the chivalry may very properly denominated Jawminans.

"Wisely and Slow."

The Richmond *Dispatch* thinks that the rebel chieftians display "more than usual caution with regard to operations." If they are now skedaddling cautiously, we should like very well to know how fast they could run in a state of exuberance.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

Richmond, June 5th, 1862.

Dear Vanity:—I have routed the enemy, captured his guns, horses, and contrabands, killed his officers, cut off his retreat, taken Richmond, and beaten Jeff Davis at the point of the bayonet.

My principal loss was a gold watch and chain, which were stolen from my pocket during the confusion and turmoil of the combat.

From this circumstance I am convinced that Floyd was present.

The Rebels have retreated in the direction of the Last Ditch, which is being prepared for their reception.

The soldiers of the Confederacy have been requested to inscribe "Richmond" on their banners. Also, "New York," "Philadelphia," "Detroit," "Colt's Neck, N. J.," and any other name that may suit their taste.

On preparing to execute the order, however, it was discovered that they had no banners left, I had captured them all.

The back-bone of Rebellion is broken in Virginia.

I am pained to say, though, that the Union sentiment is not so copious here as the papers have made it out. But one person, so far, has offered to welcome me with open arms, and he was a somewhat intoxicated contraband. He informed me that he had, until lately, Belonged to one of the first families of Virginia; further, that he was a Man and a Brother....

I said, "Go to Thunder:"

I have been compelled to issue a severe proclamation against women. The women here turn up their noses at my soldiers. Two Zou-zous came to me in tears, yesterday; two of my old Italian campaigners:

"*Comé lo questo?*" I asked; *pozzie solspiri della bella Rigoletta? Suona gingerini!*"

This is not exactly Italian....not very....but it is good enough for foreigners.

"*Mon Officer*," replied the eldest, restraining his sobs, "we are soldiers, we are gentlemen. We promenade the streets. *Palztausend Himmelsacrement!* The dames turn up their noses at us. They vibrate, and whirl their robes away....Swish! So! Sire, we have emotions. We were nurtured in a land of song and beauty. *Kennst du das Land?* We can brook no scorn. We shall wither, we shall droop, in this barbarous clime. Make the dames cease their contumely, or we perish...." Sobs choked his utterance, and I was glad they did.

Such is is the tender sensitiveness of my soldiers' souls!

I immediately issued an order that every woman seen turning up her nose or flirting her dress after eight oclock in the evening, should be considered an enemy to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and indicted at once for grand larceny.

Several have been arrested under this order, but a surgical examination has shown that the elevation of their noses is natural and involuntary, being the organic form of the feature....

We cannot be too careful of there minor points.

The Confederate troops have been using the prisons here for quarters. Most of them felt very much at home in them. The prisoners were all liberated by Jeff. Davis early last Winter. He argued, very sensibly, that nobody in Richmond need be afraid of thieves. There were the very best of reasons why nothing valuable should be stolen.

I have grounds for a belief that I annihilated the entire Rebel Army in my last engagement....

At least, all who were not killed and wounded, are Missing.

But they captured three of my guns....shot-guns, that I brought down for snipe-shooting. They were stolen from the piazza of my tent, before the action....an additional proof that Eloyd was around.

I have just received importhat intelligence from the Mountain Department. Fremont's army is entirely safe.

Later:—I knew it. Floyd *was* present. I have been presented with a general order issued by him on the eve of the battle. It is written in his natural dialect....the thieves slang, and is as follows:

"Headquarters, Richmond.

"*General Orders*: No 12,380.—Cullies! I am more fly to pake than to patter. Let other goniffs weed raw, but give me the swag. The foe is near. Give him no shaky mill; stow hanky-panky, and

pout his nibs. If all fails, take to your gams, and sherry like the d—l!

FLOYD."

The *Police-Gazette* will probably record the further movements of this eccentric but accomplished cracksman.

It is possible that I have in the present letter, anticipated the facts a trifle; but you may rely upon it that if I have not already taken the city, I shall have done so very soon. At all events, you can place no faith in any correspondence but mine. I am totally independent of the censorship of the Press, as of everything else....

Facts are the trammels of Genius....
They have been called "Stubborn Things"
But then, so are Jackasses!
And I am Yours, MC ARONE.

HOW 'ARE YOU MUNCHAUSEN!

ADDLE of the Vicksburg *Whig*, in the course of a jubilant article on the destruction of the cotton crop, gives publicity to this very extraordinary statement, viz: "A gentleman who came down from Napoleon, in a skiff yesterday, informs us that *the river was almost one mass of burning cotton.*"

We wish to put a few questions to "the gentleman."

First, pray tell us, O! daring navigator, how you came unscathed, "in a skiff," through this novel fiery element?

Was it a fire proof, iron-clad skiff?

Again, by what means did you propel your skiff through the burning staple?

Was it not, oh! strange gentleman, "with a hook?"

Further did you not find it rather warm? More earnestly still, oh! wonderful emulator of Shadrach, Meshac, & Co, would we ask you, what became of the water of which, previously, the river was composed? And finally, peerless braver of fire, here and hereafter, since your arrival in safety at the Vicksburg *Whig* bourne from which, we trust, no such travellers will e'er return, finally we desire to ask—How *are you* MUNCHAUSEN?

MERCIER AT RICHMOND!

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED!!

VANITY FAIR AHEAD!!!

LETTER FROM THE VALET OF COUNT MERCIER!!!

Gentlemen Editors of Vanity Fair:

The newspapers have been making many guesses, more or less ingenious, concerning the motives of the late visit of myself and Count MERCIER to the Confederate Capital. You will pardon me for not employing the word "Rebel," but I am a subject of NAPOLEON III., and am enjoined to preserve a strict neutrality. As I consider your journal the most enterprising in this country, though it makes the fewest pretensions, I am happy to be enabled to present you, in advance of all others, with some particulars of the movements and experiences of myself and Count MERCIER, which you are at liberty to publish.

It has been stated in the public prints that the object of our visit to Richmond was to speculate in tobacco: to bully Mons. DAVIS into surrender; to offer him the assistance and recognition of NAPOLEON III.; to see the state of the Union sentiment in Dixie; to benefit our health by a change of climate: to satisfy our curiosity; to relieve the French residents of New Orleans: to introduce a new patent medicine; to get Mons. DAVIS to write for the *Ledger*, and a variety of other equally stupid undertakings. I am authorized to state that neither myself nor Count MERCIER entertained any of these ideas. Our visit was purely one of pleasure. Business in our department was dull, and we desired relaxation. The cat has emerged from the sack.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we left cards upon Mons. DAVIS, and were assured that he would be charmed to receive us on the morning following.

We found him living in a certain degree of discomfort, and suffering considerably from pimples: a circumstance which he attributed to the unfortuitous character of the whiskey that he was compelled to drink. He expressed a great preference for the brandy of my native land, but whether sincerely, or as a mere international compliment to myself and Count MERCIER, I can not judge.

Still, he was quite well; a fact that gave me much pleasure, though I refrained from expressing it, in consideration of the strict neutrality I am requested to maintain.

Count MERCIER informed Mons. DAVIS that he had come upon a purely unofficial visit, but Mons. DAVIS made inquiries concerning the probable policy of the Government which Count MERCIER and myself have the honor to represent. Very properly, as it seemed to me, we declined answering these questions, which were reiterated to an extent involving fatigue. Non-committal replies being persisted in, Mons DAVIS took occasion to say he did not think us "very smart." Our position of neutrality prevented us from controversy on that subject.

Our host then proceeded to order gin cocktails, rather a rare beverage at present, in the South, but the occasion was not devoid of importance. Count MERCIER did not avail himself of this hospitality. I did, to a considerable extent: as did also Mons. DAVIS. I hope I am not violating confidence in saying that we both got drunk. Strict neutrality, however, will not permit me to state the exact degree of inebriety encompassed by Mons. DAVIS. Let it suffice for me to say that it was decided and preceptible.

While in this condition, Mons. DAVIS became quite communicative. All Americans do, when influenced by spirits. He told us many things of importance, about his plans, means, etc., but the relations of Count MERCIER and myself with the Emperor and with the Confederate belligerents are such that I can hardly detail all his remarks. A few, only, can be profitably reproduced. After a pause of some minutes, which occurred in the conversation. Mons. DAVIS looked fixedly at Count MERCIER, and asked:

"Seen ABELINCOLN?"

"I have met President LINCOLN many times," replied the Count.

"Z' wite man?" asked DAVIS.

"He is a white man."

"See|MACLELNALN?"

"I am well acquainted with General MCCLELLAN."

"Z' wite man?"

"General MCCLELLAN is also a white man."

A considerable period of repose elapsed.

"Yournablitionist?" asked Mons. DAVIS, at length.

"I am strictly neutral in American politics," replied Count MERCIER.

Mons. DAVIS now became imbued with the erroneous idea that I was a "Yankee spy," and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to refrain from having me removed from this sphere of action, by hanging. He then interrogated Count MERCIER vigorously, concerning his belief in certain theological doctrines, and used expressions of violence, involving personal injury. He referred to chawing up, and stated that he could lick a nigger with comparatively little effort.

A less active mood finally superinduced, and he wept freely, after which he subsided into a perturbed slumber, accompanied by stertorous breathing; and both myself and Count MERCIER found it convenient to retire from his presence. I am pained to say that my own conduct, though much less marked than that of Mons. DAVIS, drew upon me a rebuke from Count MERCIER, which, I must own, was not entirely unmerited. We did not again visit Mons. DAVIS.

I am, with sentiments of high esteem, your obt. servant,

VICTOR LE FLAGORNEUR.
Valet to Count MERCIER.